Many villagers stood at the landing to watch us. After I had arranged the luggage and the shelter at the stern, I took the oars and said to Emma, "Here we go! Make yourself comfortable." Several people laughed as if I had said something funny. An old woman remarked, "City women have it better than we here. I thought that he would make her row, but look, she is resting and he's at the oars!" A young woman added defiantly, "One can see. City people have more brains than our muzhiks!"

Our last halt on the river was at Bratsky Ostrog, a large village above the impassable rapids of the Angara. In the sixteenth century, when this place marked the eastern limit of Russian penetration, a wooden fort had been built as an advance post of the Empire. Weathered and black, it still stood on the shore. It could hardly have housed more than ten men, but its garrison had a brass cannon and could lord it over the native tribes for several hundred miles around.

The village had a flour mill and several tiny shops, and offered some opportunities for work. When we got there it held more than forty political exiles. The colony wanted to celebrate our visit and to hear political news. A meeting was called at night, in a large *izba* on the outskirts. We talked behind closed shutters, and patrols were posted outside. A candle flickered on the table. In the darkness I could not see how many people were in the room, but I had the feeling of speaking to a huge crowd, as in 1905. Emma sat in the first row, quite close to the candle. I could see her face, even her eyes, and was speaking mostly to her.

We gave our boat to the oldest member of the political colony, who had become a fisherman and whose greatest ambition was to own a boat with two pairs of oars. On the next lap of the journey, by cart, from the Angara to the railroad, we had bad luck with the weather—250 miles of mud, under pouring rain—but that did not darken our honeymoon in the least.

Back at Irkutsk we settled in two furnished rooms rented from a middle-class family. We had much to learn about living together. I discovered how lonely I had been all the past years, probably since my early youth. My conscious life appeared to me as a succession of periods of feverish activity and lethargy. Actually, I had never been strongly attached to life, was not aware of its value, and had no clear plans for the future. Now all this was going to change.

In contrast, Emma knew exactly what she expected from life and marriage: she would accept marriage only as a complete union of two lives and personalities. The process of mutual adjustment of two persons as different as we required time. It was not completed until much later, and has been more nearly perfect on her side than on mine.